Macbeth:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED

At the

DUKES-THEATRE.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Cademan* at the *Popes-Head* in the *New Exchange*, in the *Strand*. 1673.

The Persons Names.

King of *Scotland*,	Mr. *Nath. Lee.*
Malcolme his Son, Prince of *Cumberland.*	Mr. *Norris.*
Donalbain.	Mr. *Cademan.*
Lenox.	Mr. *Medburn.*
Rosse.	
Angus.	
Macbeth.	Mr. *Batterton.*
Banquo.	Mr *Smith.*
Macduff.	Mr. *Harris.*
Menteth.	
Cathnes.	
Seyward and his Son.	
Seyton.	
Doctor.	
Fleance Boy to *Banquo.*	
Porter.	
Old Man.	
2 Murtherers.	
Macbeths Wife.	Mrs. *Batterton.*
Macduffs Wife & her Son.	Mrs. *Long.*
Waiting Gentlewoman.	
Ghost of *Banquo.*	
Heccat.	Mr. *Sandford.*
3 Witches.	
Servants and Attendants	

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MACBETH,
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TRAGEDY.

Act the First. Scene the First.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battail's lost and won.
3. That will be e're the set of Sun.
1. Where the place?
2. Upon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth.*
1. I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. Padock calls anon: Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fogg and filthy Air. [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Second.

Alarm within. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. What bloody Man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who, like a good and hardy Souldier, fought

'Gainſt my Captivity: Hail, brave Friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyl,
As thou didſt leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it ſtood,
As two ſpent Swimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their Art: The mercileſs *Macdonwald*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the Weſtern Iſles
Of Kernes and Gallowgroſſes is ſupply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: But all's too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deſerves that Name)
Diſdaining Fortune, with his brandiſht Steel,
Which ſmoak'd with bloody Execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his paſſage,
Till he fac'd the Slave:
Which ne're ſhook hands, nor bad farewell to him,
Till he unſeam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O Valiant Couſin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sun 'gins his reflection;
Shipwracking Storms, and direful Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells: Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark,
No ſooner Juſtice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe skipping Kernes to truſt their heels,
But the *Norweyan* Lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbuſht Arms, and new ſupplies of Men,
Began a freſh Aſſault.

King. Diſmay'd not this our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrows, Eagles;
Or the Hare the Lyon:
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double cracks,
So they doubly re-doubled ſtrokes upon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: But I am faint,

My

My Gaſhes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They ſmack of Honour both: Go, get him Surgeons.

Enter Roſs *and* Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſs*.

Lenox. What a haſte looks through his eyes?
So ſhould he look, that ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.

Roſs. God ſave the King.

King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane*?

Roſs. From *Fiffe*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* Banners flowt the Sky,
And fan our People cold.
Norway himſelf, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal Traytor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a diſmal conflict,
Till that *Bellona*'s Bride-groom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point, rebellious Arm 'gainſt Arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit: and to conclude,
The Victory fell on us.

King. Great happineſs.

Roſs. That now *Sweno*, the *Norwayes* King,
Craves compoſition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his Men,
Till he diſburſed, at Saint *Colmes* inch,
Ten thouſand Dollars, to our general uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our Boſom intereſt: Go, pronounce his preſent Death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Roſs. I'le ſee it done.

King. What he hath loſt, Noble *Macbeth* hath won. [*Exeunt*.

Scene the Third.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haſt thou been, Siſter?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Siſter, where thou?

1. A Saylors Wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:
Give me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, Maſter o'th' *Tyger*;
But in a Sive I'le thither Sail,
And like a Rat without a Tail,
I'le do, I'le do, and I'le do.

2. I'le give thee a Wind.

1. Th'art kind.

3. And I another.

1. I my ſelf have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
I'le drein him dry as hay:
Sleep ſhall neither Night nor Day
Hang upon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall live a Man forbid:
VVeary ſev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his Bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Look, what I have.

2. Shew me, ſhew me.

1. Here I have a Pilots Thumb,
VVrackt, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3. A Drum, a Drum:
Macbeth doth come.

All. The wey-ward, Siſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do go, about, about,
Thrice to mine, and thrice to thine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound up.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

Banquo. How far is't call'd to *Soris*? What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire,
That look not like th' Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon

Upon her skinny Lips: You ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to Interpret
That you are ſo.

Mac. Speak if you can: What are you?

1. All hail, *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of *Glamis*.

2. All hail, *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*.

3. All hail, *Macbeth*, that ſhall be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I'th' name of truth
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My Noble Partner
You greet with preſent Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royal hope,
That he ſeems wrapt withall: To me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And ſay, which Grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. Hail.

2. Hail.

3. Hail.

1. Leſſer then *Macbeth*, and greater,

2. Not ſo happy, yet much happyer.

3. Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*

1. *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*, all hail.

Mac. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinels* death, I know I am *Thane* of *Glamis*,
But how of *Cawdor*? The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives
A proſperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more then to be *Cawdor*. Say, from whence
You owe this ſtrange Intelligence, or why
Upon this blaſted Heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch Prophetique greeting?
Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vaniſh.*

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has,
And theſe are of them: Whither are they vaniſh'd?

Mac. Into the Air: And what ſeem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the Wind.

Would

Would they had ſtaid.

Banq. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten on the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner?

Mac. Your Children ſhall be Kings.

Banq. You ſhall be King.

Mac. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too: went it not ſo?

Banq. Toth' ſelf-ſame tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Roſs *and* Angus.

Roſs. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy ſucceſs: And when he reads
Thy perſonal Venture in the Rebels fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reſt o'th' ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* Ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy ſelf didſt make
Strange Images of Death, as thick as Tale
Can poſt with poſt, and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his Kingdoms great defence
And powr'd them down before him.

Ang. VVe are ſent,
To give thee from our Royal Maſter thanks,
Onely to Harrold thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.

Roſs. And for an earneſt of a greater Honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.

Banq. What, can the Devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives:
Why do you dreſs me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. VVho was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy Judgment bears that Life,
VVhich he deſerves to loſe.
VVhether he was combin'd with thoſe of *Norway*,
Or did Iyne the Rebel with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreys wrack, I know not:

But

But Treaſons Capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. *Glamis*, and *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
The greateſt is behind. Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings,
VVhen thoſe that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them.
Banq. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,
Beſides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The Inſtruments of Darkneſs tell us Truths,
Win us with honeſt Trifles, to betray's
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the ſwelling Act
Of the Imperial Theam. I thank you, Gentlemen:
This ſupernatural ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If *ill*, why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid Image doth unfix my Heir,
And make my ſeared heart knock at my Ribs,
Againſt the uſe of Nature? Preſent Fears
Are leſs then horrible Imaginings:
My thought, whoſe Murther yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of Man,
That Function is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Banq. Look, how our Partner's rapt.
Macb. If Chance will have me King,
Why, Chance may Crown me,
Without my ſtir.
Banq. New Honours come upon him
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the rougheſt Day.

Banq. Worthy

Banq. VVorthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull Brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your pains are regiſtred,
VVhere every day I turn the Leaf,
To read them.
Let us toward the King: Think upon
VVhat hath chanc'd: And at more time,
The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:
Come, Friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Fourth.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm, Donalbain, *and Attendants.*

King. Is Execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not thoſe in Commiſſion yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have ſpoke with one that ſaw him dye:
VVho did report, that very frankly he
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, implor'd your Highneſs Pardon,
And ſet forth a deep Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs Trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To find the Minds conſtruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute Truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſs, *and* Angus.

O worthyeſt Couſin,
The ſin of my Ingratitude even now
VVas heavy on me. Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt Wing of Recompence is ſlow,
To over-take thee. Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,

Might

Might have been mine: Onely I have left to ſay,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.
Macb. The Service and the Loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it ſelf.
Your Highneſs part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants; which do but what they ſhould
By doing every thing ſafe toward your Love
And Honour.
King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſs deſerv'd, nor muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Banq. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.
King. My plenteous Joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow. Sons, Kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate upon
Our Eldeſt, *Malcolm*, whom we Name hereafter,
The Prince of *Cumberland*: Which honour muſt
Not unaccompanied, inveſt him onely,
But ſigns of Nobleneſs, like Stars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers. From hence to *Enverne*s,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The reſt is Labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'le be my ſelf the Herbenger, and make joyful
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.
King. My worthy *Cawdor*.
Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*: That is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o're-leap,
For in my way it lyes. Stars hide your fires,
Let not Light ſee my black and deep deſires:
The Eye wink at the Hand; yet let that be,
Which the Eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*
King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full ſo Valiant,

And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs Kinſman. [*Flouriſh.*] [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Fifth.

Enter Macbeth's *Wife alone with a Letter.*

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſs: And I have learn'd by the perfect'ſt report, they have more in them, then mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves Air, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſives from the King, who all-hail'd me* Thane *of* Cawdor, *by which Title before, theſe weyward Siſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail King that ſhall be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy Heart, and farewell.*
Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*; and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: Yet do I fear thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milk of humane kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou would'ſt be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily: would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly win.
Thould'ſt have, great *Glamis*, that which cryes,
Thus thou muſt do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou do'ſt fear to do,
Then wiſheſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thine Ear,
And chaſtiſe with the Valour of my Tongue
All that impedes thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee Crown'd withall. [*Enter Meſſenger.*
What is your tidings?

Meſſ. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy Maſter with him? Who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Meſſ. So pleaſe you, it is true; our *Thane* is coming:
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;

Who

Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Then would make up his Meſſage.
Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great News. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
The Raven himſelf is hoarſe
That croaks the Fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my Battlements. Come, you Spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full
Of direſt Cruelty: Make thick my Blood,
Stop up th' acceſs, and paſſage to remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep pace between
Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breaſts,
And take my Milk for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,
Where-ever, in your ſightleſs ſubſtances,
You wait on Nature's miſchief. Come, thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of Hell,
That my keen Knife ſee not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the Blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold. [*Enter* Macbeth.
Great *Glamis*, worthy *Cawdor*,
Greater then both, by the all-hail hereafter,
Thy Letters have tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. My deareſt Love, *Duncan* comes here to night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purpoſes:
Lady. O never
Shall Sun that Morrow ſee.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Book, where Men
May read ſtrange matters, to beguile the time.
Look like the time, bear welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: Look like th' Innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,
Muſt be provided for: And you ſhall put
This Nights great buſineſs into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Give ſolely Sovereign ſway, and Maſterdome.

Macb. We will ſpeak further.
Lady. Onely look up clear:
To alter favour, ever is to fear:
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Sixth.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſs, Angus, *and Attendants.*

King. This Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat,
The Air nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.
Banq. This Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loved Manſory, that the Heavens breath
Smells wooingly here: No jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they muſt breed, and haunt: I have obſerv'd
The Air is dilicate. [*Enter Lady.*
King. See, ſee, our honour'd Hoſteſs:
The Love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady. All our Service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle Buſineſs, to contend
Againſt thoſe Honours deep, and broad,
Wherewith your Majeſty loads our Houſe:
For thoſe of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we reſt your Ermites.
King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We courſt him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purveyor: But he Rides well,
And his great Love (ſharp as his Spur) hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and Noble Hoſteſs
We are your Gueſt to Night.
Lady. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs to count,
To make their Audit at your Highneſs pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Hoſt, we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our Graces towards him.
By your leave, Hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Seventh.

Ho-boyes. Torches.

Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Diſhes and Service over the Stage. Then Enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If th' Aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the Conſequence, and catch
With his ſurceaſe, Succeſs: That but this blow
Might be the be-all, and the end all. Here,
But here, upon this Bank and School of time,
We'ld jump the Life to come. But in theſe Caſes,
We ſtill have Judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody Inſtructions, which being taught, return
To plague th' Inventer. This even-handed Juſtice
Commands th' Ingredience of our poyſon'd Challice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt;
Firſt, I am his Kinſman, and his Subject,
Strong both againſt the Deed: Then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murtherer ſhut the Door,
Not bear the Knife my ſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Hath born his Faculties ſo meek: hath been
So clear in his great Office, that his Virtues
Will plead like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked New-born-Babe,
Striding the blaſt, or Heavens Cherubim, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs Curriors of the Air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind. I have no Spur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o're-leaps it ſelf,
And falls on th'other. [*Enter Lady.*
How now? What News?

Lady. He has almoſt Supt: Why have you left the Chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We

Mach. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs:
He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of People,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelf? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to look ſo green and pale,
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy Love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And Live a Coward in thine own Eſteem?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor Cat i'th' Addage.

Mach. Prethee peace:
I dare do all that may become a Man,
Who dares no more, is none.

Lady. What Beaſt was't then
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a Man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be much more the Man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Do's unmake you. I have given ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to Love the Babe that milks me,
I would, while it was ſmiling in my Face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his bone-leſs Gums,
And daſht the Brains out, had I ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.

Mach. If we ſhould fail?

Lady. We fail?
But ſcrew your Courage to the ſticking place,
And we'l not fail: when *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his dayes hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
Will I with Wine and Waſel ſo convince,
That Memory, the Warder of the Brain,

Shall

Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reaſon
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swiniſh ſleep,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
VVhat cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? VVhat not upon
His ſpungie Officers? who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy undaunted Mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but Males. VVill it not be receiv'd,
VVhen we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own Chamber, and us'd their Daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. VVho dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our Griefs and clamour roar, upon his Death?

Macb. I am ſettled, and bend up
Each corporal Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow,
Falſe Face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT the Second. Scene the Firſt.

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *with a Torch before him.*

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moon is down: I have not heard the Clock.

Banq. And ſhe goes down at Twelve.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: Take thee that too,
A heavy Summons lyes like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep:
Merciful Powers, reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, *and a Servant with a Torch.*

Give me my Sword: who's there? *Mac.* A Friend.

Banq. VVhat, Sir, not yet at reſt? The King's a bed.
He hath been in unuſual Pleaſure,
And ſent forth great Largeſs to your Offices.
This Diamond he greets your VVife withal,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſs,
And ſhut up in meaſureleſs content.

[*Macb.* Being

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the Servant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.
Banq. All's well.
I dreamt laſt Night of the three weyward Siſters:
To you they have ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an hour to ſerve,
We would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.
Banq. At your kind'ſt leiſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,
When 'tis, it ſhall make honour for you.
Banq. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My Boſome franchis'd, and Allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while.
Banq. Thanks, Sir: The like to you. [*Exit* Banquo.
Macb. Go, bid thy Miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not Fatal Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? Or art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a falſe Creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppreſſed Brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine Eyes are made the Fools o'th'other Senſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:
It is the Bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one half world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked Dreams abuſe
The Curtain'd ſleep: Witchcraft celebrates

Pale

Pale *Hecats* Offrings: And wither'd Murther,
Alarm'd by his Centinel, the Wolf,
Whoſe howl's his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* raviſhing ſides, towards his deſign
Moves like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowr and firm-ſet Earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which they may walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it. Whiles I threat, he Lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A Bell Rings.*
I go, and it is done: The Bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That Summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. [*Exit.*

Scene the Second.

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
VVhat hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
Heark, peace; it was the Owl that ſhriek'd,
The fatal Bell-man, which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night.
He is about it, the Doors are open,
And the ſurfeited Grooms do mock their Charge
VVith ſnores. I have drugg'd their Poſſets,
That Death and Nature do contend about them,
VVhether they Live or Dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. VVho's there? VVhat hoa?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: Th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: heark, I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miſs e'm. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept, I had don't.
My Husband?
Macb. I have done the deed:
Didſt thou not hear a noiſe?
Lady. I heard the Owl ſchream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?
Macb. VVhen? *Lady.* Now.
Macb. As I deſcended? *Lady.* I.
Macb. Heark, who lyes i'th' ſecond Chamber?
Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight.
Lady. A fooliſh thought to ſay a ſorry ſight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleep,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I ſtood, and heard them; but they did ſay their prayers,
And addreſt them again to ſleep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God bleſs us, and Amen the other,
As they had ſeen me with theſe Hang-mans hands;
Liſtning their fear, I could not ſay Amen,
VVhen they did ſay God bleſs us.
Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of Bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my Throat.
Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe wayes; ſo, it will make us mad.
Macb. Me-thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth doth murther Sleep, the Innocent Sleep,
Sleep that rips up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, ſore Labours Bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Natures ſecond Courſe,
Chief nouriſher in Life's Feaſt.
Lady. VVhat do you mean?
Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more to all the Houſe:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleep no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleep no more.
Lady. VVho was it, that thus cry'd? VVhy, worthy *Thane*,
You do un-bend your Noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things. Go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
VVhy did you bring theſe Daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there; go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy Grooms with blood.
Macb. I'le go no more;
I am afraid, to think what I have done:
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady. Infirm of purpoſe:
Give me the Daggers; the ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures. 'Tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he do bleed,

I'le

I'le guild the Faces of the Grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their Guilt. [*Exit.*] [*Knock within.*

Macb. VVhence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me?
VVhat hands are here? ha, they pluck out mine Eyes.
VVill all great *Neptunes* Ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Green one Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white. [*Knock.*
I hear a knocking at the South entry:
Retire we to our Chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſie is it then? Your Conſtancy
Hath left you un-attended. [*Knock.*
Heark, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be VVatchers; be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, [*Knock.*
'Twere beſt not know my ſelf.
Wake *Duncan* with thy Knocking: I would thou could'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Witches, and Sing.

1. *Speak, Siſter, is the Deed done?*
2. *Long ago, long ago.*
Above twelve Glaſſes ſince are run.
1. *Ill Deeds are ſeldome ſlow.*
Nor ſingle following Crimes on former wait
The worſt of Creatures faſteſt propagate.
Many more murders muſt this one enſue,
As if in Death were propagation too.
He will, he ſhall, he muſt ſpill much more blood,
And become worſe to make his Title good.
Now let's Dance. *Agreed, agreed, agreed.*
Chorus. *We ſhould rejoyce when good Kings bleed.*
When Cattle dye, about we go,
What then, when Monarchs periſh, ſhould we do?
We ſhould, &c.

Scene the Third.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed; if a Man were Porter of Hell-Gate, he ſhould have old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. VVho's there i'th' name of *Belzebub?* Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himſelf on th' expectation of Plenty. Come in, time, have Napkins enow about you, here you'l ſweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. VVho's there in th' other Devil's name? Faith here's an Equivocator, that could ſwear in both the Scales againſt either Scale, who committed Treaſon enough for Gods ſake, yet could not Equivocate to Heaven; oh, come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. VVho's there? Faith here's an *Engliſh* Taylor come in hither for ſtealing out of a *French* Hoſe. Come in, Taylor, here you may Roſt your Gooſe. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. Never at quiet; What are you? But this place is too cold for Hell. I'le Devil-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all Profeſſions, that go the Primroſe way to th' everlaſting Bone-fire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, Friend, e're you went to Bed,
That you do lye ſo late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carowſing till the ſecond Cock:
And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drink eſpecially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Noſe-painting, Sleep, and Urine. Leachery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: It provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be ſaid to be an Equivocator with Leachery: It makes him, and it marrs him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſwades him, and diſ-heartens him; makes him ſtand too, and not ſtand too: In concluſion, Equivocates him in a ſleep, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.

Macd. I believe Drink gave thee the Lye laſt Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: But I requited him for his Lye, and (I think) being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my Legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

Enter

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Maſter ſtirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane*?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almoſt ſlipt the hour.
Macb. I'le bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The Labour we delight in, Phyſicks pain?
This is the Door.
Macd. I'le make bold to call, for 'tis my limitted
Service. [*Exit* Macduff.
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?
Macb. He does; he did appoint ſo.
Lenox. The Night has been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blown down,
And (as they ſay) lamentings heard i'th' Air;
Strange Schreems of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dire Cumbuſtion, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time.
The obſcure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night.
Some ſay, the Earth was fevorous,
And did ſhake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My Young Remembrance cannot paralle!
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.
Macb. and *Lenox.* What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece;
Moſt Sacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lords annointed Temple, and ſtole thence
The Life o'th' Building.
Macb. What is't you ſay, the Life?

Lenox. Mean-

Lenox. Mean you his Majeſty?
Macd. Approach the Chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.* Do not bid me ſpeak:
See, and then ſpeak your ſelves; awake, awake,
[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Lenox.
Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treaſon,
Banquo and *Donalbain*; *Malcolm*, awake,
Shake off this Downey ſleep, Deaths counterfeit,
And look on Death it ſelf; up, up, and ſee
The great Dooms Image; *Malcolm*, *Banquo*,
As from your Graves riſe up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. *Enter Lady.*
Lady. What's the Buſineſs?
That ſuch a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the Houſe? Speak, ſpeak.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak;
The repetition in a Womans ear,
Would murther as it fell.
Enter Banquo.
O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, our Royal Maſter's Murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas;
What, in our Houſe?
Banq: Too cruel, any where.
Dear *Duff*, I prethee contradict thy ſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.
Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and* Roſs.
Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time; for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in Mortality:
All is but Toys: Renown and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the meer Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.
Enter Malcolm *and* Donalbain.
Donal. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Blood
Is ſtopt, the very Source of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your Royal Father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh,

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillows; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted,
No mans Life was to be truſted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Why did you ſo?

Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No man;
Th' expedition of my violent Love
Out-ran the pawſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Silver skin, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs, look'd like a breach in Nature,
For Ruins waſtful entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore; who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, hoa.

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our Tongues,
That moſt may claim this Argument for ours?

Donal. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an Augure hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize? Let's away,
Our Tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow
Upon the Foot of Motion.

Banq. Look to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great Hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treaſonous Malice.

Macd. And ſo do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readnieſs,
And meet i'th' Hall together.
All. Well contended. [*Exeunt.*
Malc. What will you do?
Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the falſe man do's eaſie.
I'le to *England*.
Don. To *Ireland* I:
Our ſeparated Fortune ſhall keep us both the ſafer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens ſmiles;
The near in blood, the nearer bloody.
Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way,
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horſe,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away: There's warrant in that Theft,
Which ſteals it ſelf, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Witches, Dance and Sing.

Let's have a Dance upon the Heath,
we gain more Life by Duncan's *Death.*
Sometimes like brinded Cats we ſhew,
Having no muſick but our mew.
Sometimes we Dance in ſome Old Mill,
Upon the Hopper, Stones, and Wheel,
To ſome Old Saw, or bardiſh Rhime,
Where ſtill the Mill-Clack does keep time.
Sometime about a hollow Tree
A Round, a Round, a Round Dance we:
Thither the chirping Critick comes,
And Beetles ſinging drowſie hums.
Sometimes we Dance o're Fens and Furrs,
To howls of Wolves, and barks of Currs.
And when with none of theſe we meet,
We Dance to the Ecchoes of our Feet.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene

SCENE IV.

Enter Roſs *with an Old Man.*

Old Man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well;
Within the Volume of which time, I've ſeen
Houres dreadful and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath ſtifled former knowings.
Roſs. Ha, Good father,
Thou ſeeſt the Heavens, as troubled with Mans Act;
Threatens his bloody ſtage: By th' Clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night ſtrangles th' travelling Lamp;
Is't Nights Predominance, or the Days ſhame,
That Darkneſs does the Face of Earth entombe,
When living Light ſhould kiſs it?
Old Man. 'Tis natural;
Even like the deed that's done on *Tueſday* laſt,
A Faulcon towering in her pride of place,
Was by a Mouſing Owl hawk't at, and kill'd.
Roſs. And *Duncan*'s Horſes,
(A thing moſt ſtrange and certain)
Beauteous and ſwift, the Minions of their Race
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt Obedience, as if they would
Make War with Mankind.
Old Man. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.
Roſs. They did ſo,
To th' amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Here comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the World, Sir, now?
Roſs. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe that *Mackbeth* hath ſlain.
Roſs. Alas, the day,
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſuborned,
Malcolme and *Donalbaine*, the Kings two Sons,
Are ſtolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.

Roſs. 'Gainſt Nature ſtill,
Thriftleſs Ambition, that will raven up
Thine own Lives means: then 'tis moſt like,
The Soveraignty will fall upon *Macbeth.*
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be inveſted.
Roſs. Where is *Duncan*'s body?
Macd. Carried to *Colmekill.*
The ſacred ſtore-houſe of his Predeceſſors,
And Guardian of their bones.
Roſs. Will you go to *Scone.*
Macd. No, Coſin; I'le to *Fife.*
Roſs. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well may you ſee things well done there. Adieu
Leſt our old Robes ſit eaſier then our new.
Roſs. Farewel, Father.
Macd. Gods benyſon go with you, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and Friends of foes.

Exeunt Omnes

Act the Third, Scene the Firſt.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou haſt it now, King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As the weyard women promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity.
But that my ſelf ſhould be the Root, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine,
Who by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope. But huſh, no more.

Senit ſounded. *Enter* Macbeth *as King*, *Lady* Lenox
Roſs, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Gueſt.
La. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feaſt,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, Sir,
And I'le requeſt your Preſence.
Banq. Let your Highneſs

Com-

Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble Tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. I, my good Lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good Advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this days Councel: but we'll take tomorrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and Supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark houre, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
England, and in *Ireland*, not confessing
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
When therewithal ye shall have cause of state,
Craving us joyntly. Hye you to horse;
Adieu, till you return at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ban. I, my good Lord, our time does call upon's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot:
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. *Exit anque*
Let every Man be Master of his time
Till seven at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcom:
We will keep our self till supper-time alone:
While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lord.*
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?
Serv. They are, my Lord, without the Palace-Gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. *Exit servan.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:
Our feares in *Banquo* stick deep,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reigns that

Which would be fear'd, 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſs temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wiſdom, that doth Guide his Valour,
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I do fear, and under him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is ſaid
Mark Anthonies was by *Ceſars*. He chid the *Siſters*,
When firſt they put the Name of King upon me,
And bade them ſpeak to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hail'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitleſs Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding: if't be ſo,
For *Banquo*'s Iſſue have *I* fill'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I Murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Veſſel of my Peace
Only for them, and mine eternal Jewel
Given to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the *Seedes* of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather then ſo, come Fate into the Liſt,
And champion me to th' utterance.
Who's there?

Enter Servant and two Murtherers.

Now go to the Door, and ſtay there till we call.

Exit ſervant.

Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?

Murth. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Macb. Well then,
Now have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches:
Know, that it was he, in the times paſt,
Which held you ſo under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent ſelf.
This *I* made good to you, in our laſt conference.
Paſt in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croſt:
The Inſtruments, who wrought with them:
And all things elſe, that might
To half a *Soul*, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.*

Murth. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did ſo;
And went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond Meeting.
Do you finde your Patience ſo predominant
In your Nature, that you can let this go?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Iſſue, whoſe heavy hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd
Yours for ever?

1 *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye go for men,
As Hounds and Grey-hounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Currs,
Showghes, water-Rugs, and demi-wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogs: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The Houſe-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the Gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the File,
Nor i'th' worſt rank of Manhood, ſay't.
And I will put that buſineſs in your Boſomes,
Whoſe execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,
Who weare our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blows and Buffets of the World
Hath ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what I do,
To ſpight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
So weary with Diſaſters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being, thruſts

Againſt

Againſt my neer'ſt of life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his, and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Who I my ſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Masking the buſineſs from the common Eye,
For ſundry weighty Reaſons.

2. *Murth.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Murth.* Though our lives---

Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you.
Within this houre, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant your ſelves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a clearneſs, and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor botches in the work:
Fleans, his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me,
Then is his Fathers, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark houre: reſolve your ſelves apart,
I'le come to you anon.

Murth. We are reſolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'le call upon you ſtrait: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy ſouls flight,
If it finde Heaven, muſt finde it out to Night.

Scene the ſecond. *Enter* Macbeths *Lady and a Servant*

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Servant. I, Madam, but returns again to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure,
For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will.

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer, to be that which we deſtroy,
Then by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorrieſt Fancies your Companions making.
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on: things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
She'll cloſe, and be her ſelf, whilſt our poor Malice
Remains in danger of her former Tooth,
But let the frame of things dis-joynt,
Both the Worlds ſuffer.
Ere we will eat our Meal in feare, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreams,
That ſhake us Nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have ſent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lie
In reſtleſs extaſie.
Duncane is in his Grave:
After Lifes fitful Fever, he ſleeps well,
Treaſon has done his worſt: nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign Levie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle, my Lord, ſleek o're your rugged looks,
Be jovial among your Gueſts to Night.

Macb. So ſhall I love, and ſo *I* pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave
Our Honours in theſe flattering ſtreames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.

Lady. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my Minde, dear Wife:
Thou know'ſt that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* lives.

Lady. But in them, Natures Copie's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable,
Then be thou jocund: ere the Bat hath flown
His Cloyſter'd flight, ere to black *Hecats* ſummons
The ſhard-borne Beetle, with his drowſie hums,

Hath

Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Skarfe up the tender Eye of pitiful Day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes wing to th'Rookie Wood:
Goods things of Day begin to droop and drowse.
While's Nights black Agents to their prey's do rowse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, makes strong themselves by ill:
So prythee go with me: *Exeunt.*

Scene the Third. *Enter three Murtherers.*

1 But who did bid thee joyne with us?
3 *Macbeth.*
2. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction just.
1. Then stand with us:
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traveller apace,
To gaine the timly Inne, and near approches
The subject of our Watch.
3. Heark, I hear horses.
Banquo within. Give us a light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis he:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' Court.
1. His horses go about.
3. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th' Palace-Gate
Make it their Walk.

Enter Banquo *and* Fleans, *with a Torch.*

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis he.
1. Stand to't.
Ban. It will be Rain to Night.
1. Let it come down.
Ban. O Treachey!

Fly

Ban. It will be rain to night.
1. Let it come down.
Ban. O, Treacherie!
Flie, good *Fleans*, flie, flie, flie,
Thou may'ſt revenge. O ſlave!
3. Who did ſtrike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one down: the ſon is fled.
2. We have loſt
Beſt half of our Affair.
1. Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done. *Exeunt.*

SCENE the fourth, *Banquet prepar'd. Enter* Macbeth, Lady, Roſs, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, ſit down:
At firſt and laſt, the hearty welcom.
Lords. Thanks to your Majeſty.
Macb. Our ſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble Hoſt:
Our Hoſteſs keeps her ſtate, but in beſt time
We will require her welcom.
La. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart ſpeaks, they are welcom.
Enter firſt Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks,
Both ſides are even: here I'le ſit i'th' midſt,
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a Meaſure
The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.
Macb. 'Tis better he without, then thee within.
Is he diſpatch'd?
Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the beſt o'th' Cut-throats,
Yet he's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou didſt it, thou art the Non-pareil.
Mur. Moſt Royal Sir
Fleans is 'ſcap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again:
I had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,
As broad and general, as the caſing Air;

But

But now *I* am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſawcy doubts and fears. But *Banquo*'s ſafe?
Mur. *I*, my good Lord, ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown Serpent lies, the VVorm that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' preſent. Get thee gone, tomorrow
VVe'll hear our ſelves again. *Exit Murderer.*
Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer, the Feaſt is ſold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis given, with welcom: to feed were beſt at home:
From thence the ſawce to meat is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
Enter the Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſits in* Macbeths *place.*
Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digeſtion wait on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May it pleaſe your Highneſs, Sir.
Macb. Here had we now our Countreys Honour roof'd,
VVere the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent:
Who, may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Then pity for miſchance.
Roſs. His abſence, (*Sir*)
Lays blame upon his Promiſe. Pleas't your Highneſs
To grace us with your Royal Company.
Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Here is a place reſerv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Here, my good Lord.
What is it that moves your Highneſs?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canſt not ſay *I* did it, never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.
Roſs. Gentlemen, riſe, his Highneſs is not well.
Lady. Sir worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep Seat,

The

He fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion,
Feed and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appale the devil.
La. O proper ſtuff:
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the Air-drawn-dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan*. O, theſe flaws and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true fear) would well becom
A Womans ſtory, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: ſhame it ſelf,
Why do you make ſuch faces? when all's done
You look but on a ſtool.
Macb. Prithee ſee there;
Behold, look, loe, how ſay you:
Why what care *I*, if thou canſt nod, and ſpeak too.
If Charnel-houſes, and our Graves muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the Maws of Kites.
La. What? quite unmann'd in folly,
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.
La. Fie for ſhame.
Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now i'th' olden time,
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle VVeal:
I, and ſince too, Murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The times has been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now they riſe again
With twenty mortal Murthers on their Crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools. This is more ſtrange
Then ſuch a Murther is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not muſe at me my moſt worthy Friends,
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Then I'le ſit down: Give me ſome wine, fill full. [*Enter Ghoſt.*

I drink to th' general joy o'th' whole Table.
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs:
Would he were here: to all, and him we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties and the pledge.
Mac. Avant, and quit my ſight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
La. Think of this good Peers
But as a thing of Cuſtom: 'Tis no other
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, *I* dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* Bear,
The arm'd *Rhinoceros*, or th' *Hircan* Tigre,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy ſword:
If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible ſhadow,
Unreal mock'ry hence. Why ſo, being gone
I am a man again: pray you ſit ſtill.
La. You have diſplac'd the mirth,
Broke the good Meeting, with moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a Summers Cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural Rubie of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Roſs. What ſights, my Lord?
La. I pray you ſpeak not: he grows worſe and worſe.
Queſtion enrages him; at once, good night.
Stand not upon the Order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty.
La. A kinde Good-night to all. *Exit Lords*
Macb. It will have blood, they ſay:

Blood

Blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to ſpeak:
Augures, and underſtood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, and Choughes, and Rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood. What is the night?
La. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.
Mach. How ſayſt thou that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding.
La. Did you ſend to him Sir?
Mach. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a one of them, but in his houſe
keep a Servant feed. *I* will tomorrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Siſters.
More ſhall they ſpeak: for now I am bent to know
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good,
All cauſes ſhall give way, I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o're:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcand.
La. You lack the ſeaſon of all Natures, ſleep.
Mach. Come, we'll to ſleep: My ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
s the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We are but young indeed. *Exeunt.*

SCENE the Fifth. *Thunder. Enter the three Witches meeting* Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you look angerly?
Hec. Have I not reaſon (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To Trade and Traffick with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles and Affairs of death;
And I the Myſtriſs of your Charmes,
The cloſe Contriver of all harmes,
VVas never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our Art?
And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward Son,
Spightful and wrathful, who (as others do)
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,

And

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And which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward Son,
Spightful and wrathful, who (as others do)
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,

And

And at the pit of *Acheron*,
Meet me i'th' morning: thither he
Will come to know his deſtinie.
Your Veſſels, and your Spels provide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beſide;
I am for th' Air: this night I'le ſpend
Unto a diſmal, and a fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere Noone
Upon the corner of the Moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that diſtill'd by Magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch Artificial ſprights,
As by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn Fate, ſcorn Death, and bear
His Hopes 'bove Wiſdom, Grace and Fear:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals chiefeſt Enemie.

Muſick, and a Song.

Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit ſee
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.

Sing within. 1 *Come away* Heccat, Heccat, *Oh, come away;*
2 *I come, I come, with all the ſpeed I may,*
I come, I come, with all the ſpeed I may.
1 *Where's* Stadling?
3 *Here.*
1 *Where's* Puckle?
4 *Here;* and *Hopper* too, *and* Helway *too;*
1 *We want but you, we want but you.*
Come away, make up the 'count
I will but 'noint, and then I mount
I will, &c.
1 *Here comes one, it is*
To fetch his due, a Kiſs,
A Cull, ſip of blood;
And why thou ſtayſt ſo long, I muſe,
Since the Aire's ſo ſweet and good;
O art thou come! What News?

All

2 *All goes fair for our delight,*
Either come, or else refuse,
Now I am furnish'd for the flight,
Now I go, now I flie,
Malkin *my sweet spirit and I.*
Oh what a dainty Pleasure's this,
To sail i'th' Air,
While the Moon shines fair,
To sing, to toy and kiss,
Over Woods, high Rocks and Mountains,
Over misty Hills and Fountains,
Over Steeples, Towres and Turrets,
We flie by night 'mongst Troops of spirits.
Cho. *No Ring of Bells to our ears sounds,*
No Howls of Wolves, nor Yelps of Hounds,
No, nor the Noise of Waters breach,
Nor Cannons Throats our height can reach.

1 Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
Back again. *Exeunt*

SCENE the sixth, *Enter* Lenox *and another* Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches
Have but hit your thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Only *I* say things have
Been strangely born. The gracious *Duncan* was pitied
Of *Macbeth*: Marry he was dead: And the
Right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late. Who cannot want
The thought, how monstrous it was for *Malcolme* and
For *Donalbain*, to kill their gracious father? Damned Fact,
How it did grieve *Macbeth*? Did he not strait in pious
Rage, the two Delinquents tear, that were the slaves of
Drink, and thralls of sleep? Was not that Nobly done?
I, and wisely too: For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that *I* say, he
Has born all things well, and *I* do think, that had he
Duncans sons under his Key, (As and't please
Heaven he shall not) they should finde what 'twere to
Kill a father: so should *Floans*. But peace: for from broad
Words, and cause he fail'd his Presence
At the Tyrants feast, *I* hear *Macduff*
Lives in disgrace, Sir, can you tell

Where

Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſons of *Duncane*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lives in the *Engliſh* Court, and is receiv'd
Of the moſt Pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the holy King, upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the help of theſe (with him above)
To ratifie the work, we may again
Give to our Tables meat, ſleep to our Nights:
Free from our Feaſts, and Banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate their King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did: and with an abſolute *Sir*, not *I*
The cloudy Meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this Anſwer.

Lenox. And that well might
Adviſe him to a caution, t'hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy Angel
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
His Meſſage ere he come, that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering Countrey,
Under a hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'le ſend my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

Act the Fourth. Scene the Firſt.

Thunder. Enter three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd,
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-pig whin'd.
3 *Harpier* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poyſon'd Entrails throw
Toad, that under cold ſtone,

Days

Days and Nights, has thirty one:
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boyl thou first i'th' charmed Pot.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble;
2 Filler of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyl and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,
Wool of Bat, and tongue of Dog:
Adders fork, and Blind-wormes sting,
Lizards leg, and Howlets wing:
For a Charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boyl and bubble.
All. Double, double, toyl and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
3 Scale of Dragon, tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummey, Maw and Gulfe
Of the Ravin'd salt Sea shark:
Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark:
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Call of Goat, and slippes of Yew,
Silver'd in the Moons Eclipse:
Nose of Turk, and Tartars lips;
Finger of Birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewel thick and slab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron
For th' ingredients of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toil and rrouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Cool it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Heccat *and the other three Witches.*

Hec. O well done: *I* commend your pains,
And every one shall share i'th' gains;
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song. Black spirits, &c.

2 By the pricking of my Thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black and midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(How re you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up:
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Palaces and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germain, tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken: Answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Speak.

2 Demand.

3 We'll answer.

1. Say, if th'hadst rather hear it from our Mouthes,
Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 Pour in Sows blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thy self and Office deaftly show. *Thunder*

1. *Apparition, an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power.

1 He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

1 *Appar.* Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.
Beware *Macduff*,
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife*; Dismiss me. Enough. *He Descends.*

Macb. Whate're thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.

1. He will not be commanded, here's another

More

More potent then the first. *Thunder.*

2. *Apparition, a bloody Child.*

2. *Appar.* Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three ears, I'de hear thee.

2. *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute;
Laugh to scorn
The power of man; For none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* *Descends*

Macb. Then live *Macduff*; what need *I* fear of thee?
But yet *I*'le make assurance; double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate; thou shalt not live;
That *I* may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And sleep in spight of Thunder. *Thunder*

3 *Apparition, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*

VVhat is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

3. *Appar.* Be Lion-metled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great *Byrnam* Wood, to high *Dunsmain* Hill
Shall come against him. *Descend.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the Forrest, bid the Tree
Unfix his earth-bound Root? sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood
Of *Byrnan* rise, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal Custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo*'s issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know,
Why sinks that Caldron? and what noise is this? *Hoboys.*

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his hearr,
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

A ſhadow of eight Kings, and Banquo *laſt, with a Glaſs in his hand.*

Mach. Thou art too like the ſpirit of *Banquo*. Down:
Thy Crown does fear mine Eye-balls. And thy hair
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the firſt;
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you ſhew me this?---A fourth? ſtart eyes!
What will the Line ſtretch out to th' crack of Doom?
Another yet? A ſeventh? I'le ſee no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a Glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome ſee
That twofold Balls, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible ſight; Now *I* ſee 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this ſo?

1 I Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheer we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights.
I'le Charm the Air to give a ſound,
While you perform your Antick round,
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duty did his welcom pay. *Muſick.*

The Witches dance, and vaniſh.

Mach. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious houre,
Stand aye accurſed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter* Lenox

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Mach. Saw you the weyard ſiſters?

Lenox. No, my *Lord*.

Mach. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed, my *Lord*.

Mach. Infected be the Air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them. I did hear

The

The galloping of Horſe. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to *England*.
Macb. Fled to *England*?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits;
The flighty purpoſe never is o'retook
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought and done:
The Caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurprize.
Seize upon *Fife*; give to th' edge o'th' ſword
His wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Souls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting like a Fool,
This deed I'le do before my purpoſe cool,
But no more ſights. Where are theſe Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt.*

SCENE the ſecond. *Enter* Macduff, *Wife, her Son and* Roſs.

Wife. What had he done to make him flie the land?
Roſs. You muſt have patience, Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madneſs: when our Actions do not
Our fears do make us Traitors.
Roſs. You know not
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.
Wife. Wiſdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His Manſion and his Titles, in a place
From whence himſelf do's flie? He loves us not,
He wants the natural touch. For the poor Wren
(The moſt diminutive of birds) will fight
Her young ones in the Neſt, againſt the Owl:
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love:
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.
Roſs. My deareſt Cooz,
I pray you ſchool your ſelf. But for your husband,
He is noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows

The

The fits o'th' Seaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our ſelves: when we hold Rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'le be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Coſin,
Bleſſing upon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet he's fatherleſs.

Roſs. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould *I* ſtay longer
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort,
I take my leave at once. *Exit Roſs.*

Wife. Sirra, your Father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, Mother.

Wife. With what Wormes and Flies?

Son. What with *I* get *I* mean, and ſo do they.

Wife. Poor bird,
Thou'dſt never fear the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfal, nor the Gin.

Son. Why ſhould I Mother?
Poor birds they are not ſet for;
My Father is not dead for all your ſaying.

Wife. Yea, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

Wife. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit,
And yet i'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all Traitors that do ſo.

Wife. Every one that does ſo, is a Traitor,
And muſt be hang'd.

Son

Son. And must they be all hang'd that swear and lie?
Wife. Every one.
Son. VVho must hang them?
VVife. VVhy, the honest men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are fools, for there
Are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men,
And hang up them.
VVife. Now God help thee, poor Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'ld weep for him: if you
Would not, it were a good sign that *I* should quickly
Have a new father.
VVife. Poor Pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honour I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely Mans advice,
Be not found here; Hence with your little ones:
To fright you thus, Methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*
VVife. Whether should *I* flie?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do *I* put up that womanly defence,
To say *I* have done no harm?
What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?
VVife. *I* hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou liest thou shag-ear'd Villain.
Mur. What you Egge?
Young Fry of treachery?
Son. He has kill'd me Mother,

Run

Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.*

SCENE the third. *Enter* Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſomes empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword: and like good men
Beſtride our downfal Birthdom: each new Morn,
New widows howl, new Orphans cry, new ſorrows
Strike on the face, that it reſounds
As it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like ſyllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'le wail;
What know, beleeve; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall finde the time to friend: I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but ſomething
You may diſcern of him through me, and wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent Lamb
T'appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyl
In an Imperial charge. But I ſhall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foul, would wear the brows of grace
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.
Macd. I have loſt my hopes.
Malc. Perchance even there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs left you wife and Childe?
Thoſe precious Motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies, be your Diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties: you may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poor Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
The Title is affear'd. Fare thee well Lord.
I would not be the Villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the Tyrants Graſpe,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you:
I think our Country ſinks beneath the yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the Tyrants head,
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is my ſelf I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as Snow, and the poor State
Eſteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Divel more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth.*

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, Falſe, Deceitful,
Sudden, Malicious, ſmacking of every ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
In my voluptuouſneſs: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up
The Ciſtern of my Luſt, and my Deſire
All continent Impediments would o'r-bear
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth,*

Than ſuch an one to reign.

Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a Tyranny: It hath been
Th'untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold. The time you may ſo hoodwink:
We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devour ſo many
As will to Greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my moſt ill-compos'd Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs Avarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Deſire his Jewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-having, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the Good and Loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper: grows with more pernicious root
Than Summer-ſeeming Luſt: and it hath been
The Sword of our ſlain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath Foyſons, to fill up your will
Of your meer own. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Juſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſs,
Bounty, Perſeverance, Mercy, Lowlineſs,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral Crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet Milk of Concord, into Hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal.

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.

Mac. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation miſerable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome days again?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? Thy Royal Father
Was a moſt Sainted King: the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees, than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Fare thee well,
Theſe evils thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelf,
Hath baniſh'd me from Scotland. O my Breſt,
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. *Macduff*, this noble paſſion
Child of integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Devilliſh *Macbeth*
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt Wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſt: but God above
Deal between thee and me; For even now
I put my ſelf to thy Direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction. Here abjure
The taunts, and blames I laid upon my ſelf,
For ſtrangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknown to Woman, never was forſworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own:
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devil to his Fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth than life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon my ſelf. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they here approach
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
Already at a point, was ſetting forth:
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodneſs
Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Souls That ſtay his Cure: their malady convinces The great aſſay of Art. But at his touch, Such ſanctity hath Heaven given his hand, They preſently amend. *Exit.*

Mal. I thank you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil.
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here remain in England
I have ſeen him do: How he ſollicites heaven
Himſelf beſt knows: but ſtrangely viſited people
All ſwoln and Ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The meer deſpair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy Prayers; and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this ſtrange vertue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Propheſie,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeak him full of Grace.

Enter Roſs.

Macd. See who comes here.

Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle Couſin, welcome hither.

Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us Strangers.

Roſſe. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Roſſe. Alas poor Countrey,
Almoſt afraid to know it ſelf. It cannot

Be

Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighs, and groans, and ſhrieks that rent the air
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern extaſie: The Deadmans knell
Is there ſcarce ask'd for who, and good mens lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.

Macd. Oh relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the neweſt grief?

Roſſe. That of an hours age doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Roſſe. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Roſſe. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Roſſe. No, they were well at peace, when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: How gos't?

Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the Tydings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy Fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſt the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrants power a-foot.
Now is the time of help: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiers, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire diſtreſſes.

Malc. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better Soldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.

Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.

Macd. What concern they,
The general cauſe, or is it a Fee-grief
Due to ſome ſingle breſt?

Roſſe.

Roſſe. No mind that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound
That ever yet they heard.
Machd. Humh: I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd; your Wife, and Babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd Deer
To adde the death of you.
Malc. Merciful Heaven!
What man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My Children too?
Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence? My wife kill'd too?
Roſſe. I have ſaid.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make us Medicines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſee All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Dam
At one fell ſwoop?
Malc. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo:
But I muſt alſo feel it is a man;
I cannot but remember ſuch things were
That were moſt precious to me: Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtruck for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: Heaven reſt them now.
Mal. Be this the Whetſtone of your ſword, let grief
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of *Scotland* and my ſelf,
Within my Swords length ſet him, if he ſcape
Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Inſtruments: Receive what chear you may,
The Night is long, that never finds the Day. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have too Nights watch'd with you,
but can perceive no truth in your report.
When was it ſhe laſt walked?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the Field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlock her cloſſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation beſides her walking and other actual

actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech. *Enter Lady with a Taper.* Lo you, here ſhe comes: This is her very guiſe, and upon my life faſt aſleep: obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe do's now?
Look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lad. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Heark, ſhe ſpeaks, I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lad. Out damned ſpot: out I ſay. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our power to accompt: yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is ſhe now? What will theſe hands ne'er be clean? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go too, go too:
You have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heaven knows what ſhe has known.

Lad. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabiah* will not ſweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct.

Doct. What a ſigh is there? the heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be, ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: yet I have known thoſe which have walkt in their ſleep, who have dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Waſh your hands, put on your Night-Gown, look not ſo pale: I tell you yet again *Banquo*'s buried, he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lad. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand:
What's done, cannot be undone.
To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſp'rings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their Secrets:
More needs ſhe the Divine, than the Phyſician:
God, God forgive us all. Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eys upon her: So good-night,
My mind ſhe has mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Drum and Colours. *Enter* Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, *Soldiers.*

Ment. THe Engliſh power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Unkle *Seyward* and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnan* wood.
Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows if *Donalbane* be with his brother?
Len. For certain Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Son,
And many unruff youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.
Ment. What do's the Tyrant.
Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly Fortifies:
Some ſay he's mad: Others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certain
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret Murthers ſticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his Faith-breach:
Thoſe he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: Now do's he feel his Title
Hang looſe about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfiſh Thief.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd Senſes to recoyl, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
It ſelf, for being there?
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the ſickly Weal,
And with him pour we in our Countreys purge,
Each drop of us.
Lenox. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the Soveraign Flower, and drown the Weeds:
Make we our March towards *Birnan*. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Mach. Bring me no more Reports, let them fly all:
Till *Birnane* wood remove to *Dunſinane*,

I can-

I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not born of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortal Conſequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not *Macbeth*, no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly falſe Thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh Epicures;
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſag with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd Loon:
Where got'ſt thou that Gooſe-look.

Ser. There is ten thouſand.

Macb. Geeſe Villain?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Souldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soul, thoſe Linnen cheeks of thine
Are Counſellers to fear. What Souldiers Whey-face?

Ser. The Engliſh Force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am ſick at heart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I ſay, this puſh
Will chear me ever, or diſ-eat me now.
I have liv'd long enough, my way of life
Is fal'n into the Sear, the yellow Leaf,
And that which ſhould accompany Old-Age,
As Honour, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends,
I muſt not look to have: but in their ſtead,
Curſes, not lowd but deep, Mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleaſure?

Macb. What News more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'l fight, till from my bones my fleſh be hackt.
Give me my Armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'l put it on:
Send out moe Horſes, skir the Country round,

Hang thoſe that talk of Fear. Give me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming Fancies
That keep her from her reſt.

Macb. Cure of that:
Canſt thou not Miniſter to a mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Brain,
And with ſome ſweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſome, of that perillous ſtuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelf.

Macb. Throw Phyſick to the Dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: Give me my Staff:
Seyton ſend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come Sir, diſpatch. If thou could'ſt, Doctor, caſt
The Water of my Land, find her Diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That ſhould applaud again. Pull't off I ſay,
What Rhubarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drug
Would ſcowr theſe Engliſh hence: hear'ſt thou of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royal Preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forreſt come to Dunſinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away, and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seyward's *Son*, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, *and Soldiers Marching.*

Malc. Couſins, I hope the days are near at hand
That

That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnane.

Malc. Let every Soldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down befor't.

Malc. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just Censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious Soldership.

Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue, strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the war. *Exeunt marching.*

SCENE V.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siege to scorn: Here let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

A Cry

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of Fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a Night-ſhriek, and my Fell of hair
Would at a diſmal Treatiſe rowze, and ſtir
As life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſs familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeſterdays have lighted Fools
The way to duſty death. Out, out, brief Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thou com'ſt to uſe thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Meſ. Gracious my Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, ſay Sir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the Hill
I look'd towards Birnane, and anon me thought
The wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar, and Slave.

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming.
I ſay, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next Tree ſhalt thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin

To

To doubt th'Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, till *Birnane* Wood
Do come to *Dunſinane*, and now a Wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane*. Arm, Arm, and out,
If this which he avouches, do's appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I'gin to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wiſh th'eſtate o'th'world were now undone.
Ring the Alarm Bell, blow Wind, come wrack,
At leaſt we'l dye with Harneſs on our back. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Drum and Colours.

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduffe, *and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough:
Your leavy Skreens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Unkle)
Shall with my Couſin your right Noble Son
Lead our firſt Battel. Worthy *Macduffe*, and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but find the Tyrants power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, give them all breath
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt.*

Alarms continued.

SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Mach. They have tied me to a ſtake, I cannot fly,
But Bear-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not born of Woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*

Y. Sey. The Devil himſelf could not pronounce a Title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No: nor more fearful.

Y. Sey. Thou lyeſt abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
I'll prove the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.

Fight, and young Seyward *ſlain.*

Macb. Thou was't born of woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman born. *Exit.*

Alarms. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beeſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kerns, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their Staves; either thou *Macbeth,*
Or elſe my Sword with an unbattered edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him Fortune,
And more I beg not. *Exit.* *Alarms.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Caſtles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both ſides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the War.
The day almoſt it ſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Malc. We have met with Foes
That ſtrike beſide us.

Sey. Enter, Sir, the Caſtle. *Exeunt.* *Alarm.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman Fool, and dye
On mine own Sword? while I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Enter

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd.
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villain
Than terms can give thee out. *Fight. Alarm.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour,
As eaſie mayſt thou the intrenchant Air
With thy keen Sword impreſs, as make me bleed;
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Creſts,
I bear a charmed Life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Deſpair thy Charm,
And let the Angel whom thou ſtill-haſt ſerv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his Mothers womb
Untimely rip'd.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe Jugling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſence,
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee Coward,
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer Monſters are
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Here may you ſee the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curſe.
Though Birnane wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppoſ'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduff*,
And damn'd be him, that firſt cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarms.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth ſlain.

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Roſs, Thanes and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.

Sey. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is miſſing, and your Noble Son.

Roſſe. Your Son, my Lord, has paid a Soldiers debt,
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his Proweſs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Roſſe. I, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Roſſe. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sons, as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
And ſo God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail King, for ſo thou art.
Behold where ſtands
Th'Uſurpers curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdoms Pearl,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine.
Hail King of Scotland.

All. Hail King of Scotland. *Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinſmen
Henceforth

Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an Honour nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchful Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel Miniſters
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;
Who (as 'tis thought) by ſelf and violent hands,
Took off her life. This, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will perform in meaſure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to ſee us Crown'd at Scone.

Flouriſh. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

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